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ROCK 'N' ROLL

ISSUE NUMBER ONE VOLUME ONE APRIL 1985 FROM SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA



**THE DRAB
FACTION
LIVE:
BLACK FLAG
AGENT ORANGE
MOTOR HEAD
& MORE**

THE



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Dizzy Ray Bill
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THE DRAB

Interview with Bill Vitale of The DRAB
By Dizzy

Dy; Ok Bill, when and why?

Bill; Umm, started two years ago, no wait, about a year and a half I guess. Because we all wanted to the same sorta music.

Dy; Was it your idea?

Bill; Me and Seans.

Dy; Ok, gimmi the run down of the guys,.

Bill; Sean Gregonis lead guitar, Brian Turcot rhythm guitar, Joe Trumpeter bass, James Igo drums. And Bill Vitale vocals.

Dy; What kind of a band are you?

Bill; Punk Metal and Drink Beer.

Dy; Metal Drink Beer? Killer.

Bitch! Ther are so many bitches in Rolling Stone. Let's talk about influences for a sec.

Bill; GBH, Discharge, and...

Dy; Ac/Dc ?

Bill; Motley Crue.

Dy; Ok Bill what do you think of Wham!

Bill; I like em, they opened for us last time.

Dy; What do you think of John Fogerty?

Bill; I try not to.

Bill and Sean Rockin' out



Dy; James Igo? Where did he get a name like Igo?

Bill; I don't know, I go , you go, we all go!

Dy; That's killer. Ok, gimmi the low down on the vinyl sitiation.

Bill; Gonna be on two Mystic Compilations; Let's Die, which the Faction are on also, And Copulation, and we are gonna be on a San Jose compilation with the Faction and Rage and the Reformed and Private Outrage.

Dy; Let's get the lowdown on the hat Bill, where did it come from? What is it doin?

Bill; Hairs askew when it's not aspiked.

Dy; Any time you don't have your hair spiked you put the hat on?

Bill; Yeh, when I'm not being a Punk, cuz I am a poser.

Dy. You dress up for shows?

Bill; Yeh, put my costume on so to speak.

Dy; I've heard everything from 13-30, just how old are you?

Bill; 17

Dy; You liar!

Bill; Actually I'm 21, but don't tell the punks, they'll want me to by beer.

motorhead™

MOTORHEAD Nov. 20, 1984

Warfield Theater San Francisco

(How to beat the rising cost of tickets)

After sitting in my apartment for over an hour craving to see Motorhead, I decided to call all the local radio stations to see if they were giving away Motorhead tickets. Finally I got ahold of KALX and

found out that they had just given away a set of tickets. Undaunted, I got my roommate to skate down to the Warfield with me. (By the way if you're ever skating down market street be sure and skate on the section nearest the street, this will cut down on the dreaded "brick rattle foot sleeping thing")

So when we finally get to the Warfield we see Mike Fox (former Los O) and Frankie (afflicted) hangin outside tryin to figure a way in.

I tell them my scam which is to say we just won tickets on the radio and might not be on the list yet. My roommate Doug is shakin his head no the whole time. So we get to the door and tell the guest list dude the story. He falls for it but tells

us we gotta check our boards. So when we go to check them the check dude says, "Don't you have a car to put them in?" and I say, "No, we skated hear." And then I thought of my friends out side. I said, "Hey, wait a minute, I got a friend out side with a car let me check it out." So I go outside and tell Mike and Frankie that the radio scam works so they flowed in.

"...like a rhino with rabies."

When we got inside Mer-cyful Fate was playin' and look pretty silly singin for Satan or whatever. So the plan was to wander around and be seen. So we get in lobby and see Motorhead's sound man having a shit fit and yelling at

anyone that got in the way. WE stayed out of the way. Finally MF was over and Doug and I decided to look for prime seats in the balcony. When we found some seats, two dizzy bettys came up and started hasseling us that we were in thier seat. I told them to shut up and sit some where else, they turned out to be

KFJC DJ's. After at least a half hour the house lights came down.

Motorhead took the stage and were about five minuts into the first song when the power went out. Being the showmen that they are they decided to joke around with the audience like, "Good evening sons-of-bitches." Lemmy asked to

see some "California tits" and was accomadated by a metal chick in the balcony. Lemmy, being the gentleman of volume that he is dedicated the song to her. The power outage thing happened at least three more times before they poured through thier set.

Highlights of the set included way volume, stage dives, PA stack dives (Just ask Scotty Stiffs) and metal fights (worse than punk fights). The new songs are just as powerful as the old stuff and the edition of another guitarest gives Motohead a new edge

After the show a trip backstage was in order so we lined up and flowed in. Mofo and Brian from thrasher were there and were stoking on how we got in. Other notables were Ginger Coyote, Sheila Rene, Pushead etc. Did n't get to meet Motorhead so we bai

GAVIN O'BRIEN

FACTION VOCALIST AND SKATE SCENE EDITOR

OF THE FACTION

CG: Gavin, are you straight edge?
I ask you this cause I've heard that you are.

G: No. I'm not against it or nothin but I'm not straight edge.

CG: Why do you think people think you are?

G: Cause I don't drink beer and I don't smoke pot at parties. But I do smoke pot, not at parties.

CG: Why do you smoke pot?

G: I don't know, it's fun. Cause it's fun to do.

CG: Does it make you cough?



ON STAGE IN NEW YORK

G: Why lie about it?

CG: I wouldn't lie.

So what's Skate Scene all about?

G: Skate Scene is all about life.

That's what Cory told me to say.

He said Skate Scene is life.

CG: How long has it been goin'?

G: March of 1982.

CG: How come you don't go to parties?

G: Umm, cause I don't like to go to parties, because, let's see, it's

not that I don't like people, I just don't like to be in a party

atmosphere. Everybody is actin' too

stupid, sometimes. I don't know,

sometimes I hate people, sometimes.

Like last night Agent Orange played, you know, and I just stayed home.

CG: Why?

G: I just felt like it, I just worked on stuff, like the mag and shit,

it's just funner, I don't know,

sometimes I like being by my self

just being by my self, man. I just

hang by myself mostly.

CG: do you think that's reflected in your lyrics?

G: Sometimes, yeh sometimes it is.

G: Yeh, sometimes. Every body thought I was (straight edge) that's all. I don't know why. Maybe cuz I listen to Minor Threat.

CG: You do?

G: Heck yeh. But now how could they think I'm straight edge I've been smoking for three years?

CG: Most people think a straight edge can smoke.

G: Oh.

CG: So who else besides Minor Threat do you listen to?

G: I like the Toy Dolls, and I

like the Misfits, the Germs,

Ado, did I say Adolescents?

I like them.

CG: Do you ever listen to the Faction?

G: Yeh I do once in a while. Serio^use.

CG: Do you like hearing yourself?

G: Yeh I do, I love it. I love it to tell you the truth. I like to here myself on records.

CG: Hmmm.



GRINDIN' AT COLTON



The Drab



Fang

Best Movies

- 1) Nightmare on Elm Street
- 2) Nightmare on Elm Street
- 3) Nightmare on Elm Street



Suicidal Tendencies

Best Book

- 1) Pet Sematary



Social Distortion

Steve Caballero and Jeff Moser

TOP TEN TRENDS

Best

- 1) Skateboarding
- 2) Drinking Beer
- 3) Starting a Band
- 4) Gettin a steady Girl
- 5) Going to Punk Parties

Worst

- 1) Getting a board, but not skating
- 2) Puking
- 3) Zip Vooming your hair
- 4) Gettin a steady Girl
- 5) Going to parties and wreckin the place

Angry Samoans

TOP FIVE HANG OUTS

Best

- 1) Club Culture
- 2) Club X
- 3) The Bank
- 4) San Francisco

Worst

- 1) Faction Practice(unless you are already deaf)



Shattered Faith

TOP TEN SONGS

- 1) Punk Party The Gossip Council
- 2) All Murder, All Guts, All fun Sam Hain
- 3) Slip It In Black Flag
- 4) Endless Vacation Ramones
- 5) Wire U2
- 6) Wound Up Black Flag
- 7) Jail Break AC/DC
- 8) Money(I Love) The Drab
- 9) Fallen Pieces The Stiffs
- 10) Deathless The Faction



Joe of Rage and Bill of the Drab

BLACK FLAG/REDD KROSS
Friday Nov. 16, 1984

If I spelled Redd Kross wrong, forgive me but I'm not sure how it goes. Any how, me and Sean (the guitarest for the Drab) jammed up to the city in my sisters Fiat, whichh gets over twice the milege of the Faction tour van, and by way of the Pórrero st exit arrived at the Farm around 9 pm. The Farm is this big barn like place with a stage at one end and a small set of bleachers at the other. I had never been to a show at the Farm before and was surprised at how good things sounded in it. The first thing we did when we got there was to try and locate a friend who was over 21 to scam some brews for us. After about 20 minuts with no luck we decided to go to the liquor store and make friends with somebody. Just as we got to the store a bus pulled up and off came 2 punk types who were on acid, one of whom was over 21. After a few "Hey what's goin' on's" and "Are you on acid's?" we nagotiated the purchas. We proceeded to the near by park and sucked a few. A 12 pack later(minus two to some gang types who helped themselves) we decided it was time to go in to the show, mainly because it was fucking cold! Just as me and Sean wandered in, Redd Kross took the Stage. These guys have the longest hair I have ever seen, and

They swung it around in a fury of sweat. The first song was Duece by KISS, and it tore beyond beleifs. The rest of thier set was no less frantic and Redd Kross brought the crowd to a head bangin, fist shakin frenzy. After the set, we ran in to non other than Ray Stevens(the nw Faction bassist) and we all proceeded on another brew run. On the way back we ran into MO FO and K.T. of the eminent THRASHER MAG. After a few friendly type words, me and Sean ditched Ray in a crowd of admireres and went in for Black Flag. We hung out in the back doing the Beach Blanket thing with some locals for a while and then spotted one of our acid friends and proceeded to do the "Ear pop" thing on him. He laughed, we laughed, Black Flag exploded onto the stage. The first song was an instrumental and was really powerful, we are talkin' stomach shaker. Then Henry came out in his traditional get up; shorts and sneakers, and led the band through a non stop assault on the brain including Police Story, Rise Above, Jelouse again, Rats Eyes, All Wound up, Slip it in, Black Coffee, the Bars and My War as well a few others including a second instrumental. Black Flag had a great sound and the energy to match. These guys rock hard. Well that's about all, cool show all-round. See Ya.

AGENT ORANGE/STIFFS
HALF CHURCH/SOLDIER OF FORTUNE
DEC 1st, 1984

Me and Ray Stevens hopped into my ststers Fiat and cruised out to lovely Los Altos, or is it Palo Alto? Oh well whearever. I remembered being at the New Varsity Theater before but I didn't know when. This is a really cool place for big shows cause there is shit loads of seats and you can see from anywhere in the place. On the way in we said hi to a bunch of people who's names evaded us. After giving the secret code at the door we recieved our complimentary tickets and backstage passes. We then proceeded to mingle, hide beer and count Zip Vooms all at the same time. There were almost twice as many girls than guys at this show. I guess that Agent Orange have a good thing goin. Of course there were some punk types too, but I think that GBH's are not the in Hair style anymore, so now the only big hair cuts you see are dirt heads trying to look punk so they won't get hassled. Even some of die-hard mohawks were down tonight. Oh well, it's all fasion to me, although I must admit I nearly punched out the last Command Performance betty that tried to cut off my bangs. Any how, we decided to go in and look for important people to hang out with. We found the Stiffa and decided that they would do. (Ha Ha). Meanwhile, SOF started playing, but we were backstage by now so I didn't see them. But when they played Paranoid everyone in the back stage picked up a guitar and played along. Me N' Ray played roadie for the Stiffs who played next. Believe me they need roadies. First Adrian blew a fuse. Then Scotts head got pulled off his stack, and to top it off the power was cut 4 or 5 times. After a ripping 6 or less songs the Stiffs were done, before they got started it seemed. Never the less the crowd went wacko and assaulted the stage at every chance. I dont think I'll ever roadie for anyone ever again. (And I ought to tip mine better).

AGENT ORANGE

As soon as the Stiffs were off a friendly plain clothes man escorted Scott off to jail for a photo session. He returned in about two hours, not able to describe what had happened in rational terms, ph well. I guess Half Church played, but I can't for the life of me remember it Happening. Of course I don't remember drinking the now empty bottle of Bud(Quart)

in my hand either. I do remember the Agent Orange roadie raving over them though. Well me and Ray talked to Scott of Agent Orange for about an hour discussing record label, distribution, drum miking and dark beers. He's really cool and said that he was sorry about all the fights he was in at the San Jose show, but some one did spit on him so it was ok. Agent Orange eventually went on and delivered a clean and powerful set. The sound was a lot better than the S.J. show and there were some cool lasers doin' the wiggle thing over the stage. After the show we declined the invite to the hotel party cause it was 2;30 am and iammed home.

THE THING THING

The thing thing is a way, while engaged in conversation to change a would be verb like "drinking" or something into an adjective by saying "Doing the drink thing" instead of, "Drinking". Understand? This way of speaking was made famous by trendsetter Ray(the Faction) Stevens.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY
NOV 24, 1984

It seemed as if everybody knew about this party. And when we showed up it was obvious that everybody did know. The house, located up on Kennedy road, was packed with kids of the eighties. You know the type; baggy sweaters of over sized flannels with 501's and high tops. Oh yeh, don't forget the mandatory Zip-Voom hair cuts (Zipped away on one side while Vooming down the other impairing depth perception). Nice crowd actually, highly preferable to the dirt head crowd, although not as fun as the hardcore crowd. Anyway, we didn't have any brew but people were cool and we were flowed about 15 within' a half hour. Doesn't anyone hord anymore? After we pushed through the crowd I was able to spot the familiar faces of the MID crew. It seems like every time I see them they have a new member. Brad thier old drummer was out on bail I guess and has a bunch of rude cymbals now. They say you can't break those things, but I did. At least it wasn't mine so no big! So anyhow M.I.D. played, and despite the fact that Mike the drunk singer could not be heard, it sounded ok. I sung along with the hits, it was fun. People tried doing the slam thing but it didn't last long enough to do any cool damage, oh well.

After M.I.D. played people began to cut out. We hung around for a while giving people dirty looks, then organized a convoy over to another party.

THE OTHER PARTY
NOV 24, 1984

This was an imported beer party (older crowd) and since we didn't have our own brew we weren't allowed to sample every one elses. That's ok though cause that stuff tastes like shit and besides someone brought a shitload of Hiedleburg and did the distribution thing and you know the rest. All the scenes celebritys were at this party; Mike Voss, Bob Denike, Craig Ramsay, Pizza Jill (no relation to Pizza Rob) Scotty Stiffs, Ray Stevens and a bunch more (even that guy from Cold Grave Fanzine!) Every one was talking about how the Stiffs were asked to open the Ramones show, but couldn't find thier bass player. Then they offered the Spot to the Faction, but Steve was in L.A. watching the rain fall. Oh well I don't remember the rest of the night, except something about Mike Vosses birthday and some Gin, I'm not sure
VOID VOID VOID
Oh well, who knows?



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PUNK SQUATTERS:

CAMPBELL BUILDINGS, LAMBETH, NOTFAR FROM WATERLOO. OLD, MUSTY. ALMOST ALL BUILDINGS. A GUY CAMES AN OLD HANS' HEAD IN WITH A FOUR POUND HAMMER IN A FLAT SQUATTED BY SHIPPER ALIAS SGT. HERSEY ONCE OF THE B ERTICS, INFAMOUS PUNK BAND EXTRAORDINARY. BOB, LATER OF BLOOD AND ROSES, TAKES TUNIA TO TRY AND ESCAP E THE FACT THAT ALMOST A HUNDRED SCOURERS ARE DESCENDING ON THE BUILDINGS TO TRASH THE FLATS WITH THE P UNKS INSIDE THEM. GRANT AND RUTHLESS HIDDLE IN A CORNER WISHING THEY'D GOT A FIRE. FILES OF MILKCRATES SERVE AS BEDS AND FURNITURE AND RUSS, EVELLIN, PHIL RITCHIE AND LISA TRY AND MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL. ST. M ONICAS' HOSPITAL (NOW DEMOLISHED) IN KILBURN, 1979. LAST STRONGHOLD OF THE PUNKS, NO ELECTRICITY, NO WA NO MORALE EXCEPT THAT GIVEN BY GODS AND HOPE. HORDS OF FASCIST SKINHEADS, DRUNKEN IRISHMEN, SOUL BOYS AND OTHER ASSORTED MACHO MEN ALL GANKING UP TO VICTIMISE THE STRANGELY DRESSED, COLOURED LARVED VI STONARIES. DEAR PHIL, DEAR SNIPER, DEAR TONY D, I KNOW YOU'VE SEEN WORSE THAN I HAVE, SO PLEASE FORGIVE ME IF I SOUND PATRONISING: IT ISN'T INTENTIONAL. CORY HAS A BROKEN BOTTLE SHOVED IN HIS EYES BY FIVE BR AVE SKINHEADS ALL BIGGER THAN HIM, HE'S THE ONLY PERSON IN THE SQUAT, AND IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING. TH S IS DERBY LODGE, WICKLOW STREET, KINGS CROSS. PHIL GETS A BRICK IN HIS FACE FROM THE SAME SKINHEADS. B RUMMY RAY, RUSS AND MYSELF GO OUT SKINHEAD BASHING, BUT ALTHOUGH IT STOPPED THE ATTACKS, IT DIDN'T STOP THE ENDLESS SEARCH FOR NEW HOMES ONCE THE POLICE, I.R.A. SUPPORTING IRISH MADMEN, SCOURERS AND NEIGHO URS MANAGED TO THROW US OUT OF THE ONLY HOMES WE COULD FIND. DRUGS AREN'T THE ONLY THING THAT KEEP US G OING, BUT YOU'VE GOT FIND SOMETHING TO KEEP YOU SANE, AND YOU CAN'T ALWAYS LEAVE YOUR PLACE FOR LONG IN CASE SOME BASTARD DECIDES TO THROW ALL YOUR GEAR OUT IN THE STREET (OR STEAL IT) WHILE YOU'RE AWAY. WE TRIED STARTING OUR OWN HOUSING CO-OPS IN THESE DAYS, BUT THE AUTHORITIES WEREN'T INTERESTED IN EITHER O UR PROBLEMS OR OUR POLITICS. WE MUST HAVE BEEN EXTREMELY NERVE TO THINK THEY WOULD EVEN LISTEN IN THE F IRST PLACE. (LATER, MUCH LATER, NICK LUGWORM AND THE PUPPY COLLECTIVE DID ACTUALLY MANAGE TO SQUEEZE FO UR HOUSES OUT OF ISLINGTON COUNCIL WHILE KUDLY KEN THE RED WAS RUNNING FOR MAN OF THE YEAR AWARD, BUT THE PUNKS WERE DELIBERATELY GIVEN HOUSES THAT WERE IN A DESPICABLE STATE AND OF COURSE, WHEN THE PUNKS HAD RENOVATED THEN THIS SAVING THE COUNCIL MONEY IN PAYING OFFICIAL WORKERS. THEY'D BE MOVED TO ANOTHER FOUR HOUSES, ALL DELAPIDATED, AND HAVE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN, PUTTING WATER PIPES IN, FITTING STAIRCA SES AND ELECTRICITY ETC.). BUT THAT IS THE EXCEPTION. MAYBE WE PREFER THE RULE? 48/50 PERCENT A ROAD WAS WHERE DAVE AND I BECAME ACQUAINTED. IT WAS WHERE TOPPER, PEAT PROTEST, DAVE, JOHN, ADRIAN, DONNA, PIXIE PETE AND MANY OTHERS, PARKED THEIR PROBLEMS FOR THE TIME BEING. IN FACT, THAT PLACE WAS MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN MOST, AND CERTAINLY WE RECEIVED A LOT LESS VICTIMISATION THAN EVER BEFORE. TUFTY STARTED A WAR WIT H DICKIE DAVIES AND PIXIE PETE DECIDED HE PREFERRED ADOLF HITLER TO DONNA, DAVE LEFT TO JOIN LEON AND I ON IN THE DOWNS ESTATE NOT FAR FROM WHERE I WAS LIVING (I'D TEMPORARILY CAPITULATED AND JOINED A HOUSI NG CO-OP RUN BY A LOAD OF FOYS AND CHRIST DID I REGRET IT LATER - I GOT THROWN OUT FOR BEING 'STRAIGHT AND PUNK' WHATEVER THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO MEAN). LEON (NOW OF THE ASSASSINS) AND JOHN (LATE OF THE APOSTL ES) HAD A NICE LITTLE FLAT, AS DID KEV DILLO THE STORY TELLER, DUNCAN DUNG AND DAVE (STILL IN THE APOST LES AS FAR AS I KNOW) UNTIL THE LOCAL RASTAKOOL BLACK SWASTIKA POSSE DECIDED TO GIVE THE PUNKS SOME LIC ES AND DOLE OUT HEAVY MANNERS AND BE, ER, I KNOW, SO RIGHT WING THEY'D MAKE JOHN TINDALL LOOK LIKE A FO SSIBLE CANDIDATE FOR THE NEWTON NEUTROICS. TERRY (WHO SOME PEOPLE SAY IS 'BLACK' BUT HE SAYS HE'S 'TERRY' IF THAT'S OKAY WITH YOU, MATE) GOT A BEATING BECAUSE HE WAS 'DEGRADING HIS RACE' BY MIXING WITH 'DEM WE I.E. 'PUNK ROCK WANKERS' AN' ALL DAT. SEEN? WELL, THEN BLACK BASTARDS GOT A LICKING FROM SOME OF TERRY'S 'LAKES, AND RACISM HAS NEVER BEEN QUITE THE SAME SINCE. WHILE WALKING ACROSS THE ALLEYWAY WITH AN ASIAN POKER AND TERRY, THIS FUCKIN SHIT FOR BRAINS CALLS OUT (TO ME) 'HEY, NATIONAL FRONT WANKER' AND INSTEAD OF SHOOTING BACK 'UP YOUR TREE YE FUCKIN WOG' LIKE I MIGHT HAVE DONE IN '76, I PLAYED IT COOL AND LAUGH ED AT HIM, GIVING THE IMPRESSION I'D WON. OF COURSE, I HADN'T - I WAS LIVID AND RAGING WITH FURY. ONTO LONDON LANE WHERE I WAS GIVEN A BRIEF RESPIRE FROM HOMELESSNESS BY A GROUP OF FRIENDLY HIPPIES. MIKE AN D CHANTAL HAD FOUND THEMSELVES BARCONE ROAD ESTATE. A SMALL BUT COSY LITTLE FLAT, WITH PUNKS EITHER SI DE OF THEM, SO THAT 8, 10 & 12 WERE ALL SQUATTED TOGETHER. WHILE THEY WENT AWAY FOR CHRISTMAS, THE LOCA L THUGS MERCILESSLY BROKE INTO AL & OLLIE & NICKS' FLAT, AND INTO MIKE AND CHANTALS' FLAT AND STOLE THE IR MONEY, STOLE SOME GEAR AND SHABED WHAT THEY COULDN'T BE BOTHERED TO CARRY. THE FACT THAT TERRY AND TONY WERE IN NUMBER 8 AT THE TIME PREVENTED THEIR PLACE FROM GETTING THE SAME TREATMENT. LATER ON WAS T HE INTERFLORA SAGA. THE INTERFLORA SAGA STARTED WHILE I WAS GIVING TERRY A GAME OF CHESS (I'D BECOME FE D UP WITH OLLIE BATING ME ALL THE TIME - AT CHESS THAT IS - SO I WAS BEING BEATEN BY TERRY INSTEAD) WH EN SOME OF THE LOCAL CHILDREN, DARLING THINGS THAT THEY ARE, GAVE US SOME PLANTS AND FLOWERS. THAT WAS LOVELY, EXCEPT THAT THEY WERE THROWN FROM THE STREET AND THE FLOWER POTS WERE STILL ATTACHED TO THEM. W HEN THAT SAGA WAS OVER, THE EVICTION ORDER SAGA STARTED AND EVERYONE DECIDED TO LOOK FOR PASTURES NEW. AT THE MOMENT OF WRITING THIS, I'M SHORTLY TO BE MOVED FROM LONDON LANE TO A NEW PLACE IN HACKNEY WIT H NO WATER OR ELECTRICITY. THE OTHERS HAVE FOUND THEMSELVES A NEW PLACE, AND MIKE AND CHANTAL HAVE FOUND AN ESTATE NOT FAR AWAY WHICH, AFTER A MORNING OF THREE POLICEMEN TRYING TO BATTER THE DOOR DOWN AND HUR L INSULTS AND THREATS AT THE PAIR OF THEM, LOOKS LIKE BEING OKAY FOR A WHILE. WHEN THEY FIRST TRIED TO MOVE FROM NUMBER 10, THEY FOUND A FLAT ON THE SAME ESTATE. WHAT THEY DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR WAS THE CALLOUS, INTERFERING AND VINDICTIVE NATURE OF THE NEIGHBOURS WHO CALLED THE HOUSING PATROL AND THE POLICE AS SOO N AS MIKE AND CHANTAL HAD PUT A LOCK ON THEIR NEW INTENDED HOME. TERRY WAS KEEPING THE PLACE SECURE WH ILE MIKE AND CHANTAL WENT TO ARRANGE FURNITURE REMOVAL. THE POLICE ARRIVED AND FORCEFULLY EVICTED TERRY FROM THE FLAT. BUT THAT'S ILLEGAL? HA! TRY TELLING THAT TO THREE FUCKIN GREAT HULKS OF ROTTING FLESH IN DARK BLUE UNIFORMS. THE PLACE I'M MOVING TO WILL HAVE A ONE YEAR LISENCE, WHICH MEANS WE'LL BE LEGALLY SQUATTING. OF COURSE, WHEN WE'VE DONE THE PLACE UP, THEY'LL ASK US TO MOVE ELSEWHERE. THAT'S SOCIALISM, UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY, IN MAJOR CITIES AT LEAST, PEOPLE ARE SQUATTING - BUT IT'S MAINLY PUNKS WHO ARE DOING THE BUSINESS. WHY? I DON'T KNOW REALLY. PERHAPS THEY'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE WITH ANY FUCKIN SUSS THESE E DAYS. NOT ALL THE PEOPLE I'M REFERRING TO WOULD TAKE BEING CALLED 'PUNKS' TOO POLITELY, BUT I MEAN PU NKS AS IN URBAN WARRIORS, FIGHTERS, INDIVIDUALS, NOT THE CUNTS YOU SEE ON THE FRONT PAGES OF PUNK LIVES. BUT, STRANGELY ENOUGH, THAT TITLE IS TRUE: PUNK LIVES (BUT NOT IN YOUR MAGAZINE, ALF.) IN THE HEARTS AN D MINDS OF EVERYONE WHO REFUSES TO ACCEPT THE LAW, THE SYSTEM, THE STATE, THE INSTITUTIONS. SOME OF US ARE POLITICAL AND OUR MINDS A LOADED GUN, SOME OF US ARE FIGHTING COZ WE ONLY WANT SOME FUN. FOR ADVIS E AND INFORMATION ON SQUATTING AND YOUR 'RIGHTS' (FOR WHAT THEY'RE WORTH) WRITE TO THE SQUATTERS ADVIS E SERVICE, 2 ST. PAULS ROAD, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1. AND SEND HOP FOR THE SQUATTERS HANDBOOK WHICH IS A VALUABLE ASSET TO ANYONE WHO WANTS TO TAKE BACK WHAT'S THEIRS AND HAVE A HOME FOR THEMSELVES WITHOUT PAYING SOME FUCKER OF A LANDLORD/CUNT OF A LANDLADY EXTORTIONATE RENT SIMPLY FOR THE RIGHT TO A ROOF OV ER ONES' HEAD. "SQUAT NOW WHILE STOCKS LAST!"



DO YOU REMEMBER
ROCK'N'ROLL
2349 Carlton av.
San Jose, Ca. 95124

V.B. THPASH
4205 Mill Stream Ct
La. Bch. CA. 23452